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Lest We Forget

A Program for Armistice Day

By

SOMEPELE AND OTHERS



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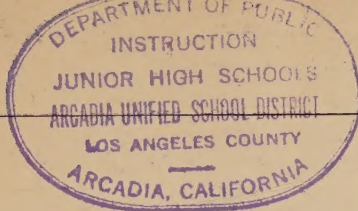
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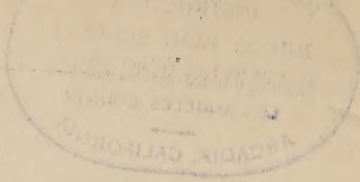
Lest We Forget

A Program for
Armistice Day

Written and Arranged
By

NOTED AUTHORS

MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers
208, 210, 212 Wright Ave., Lebanon, Ohio



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Preface

We fear the American people, in their desire to separate themselves from war and the thoughts of war, have to a certain extent forgotten to honor our heroes of the World War. Those who so valiantly defended the principles of our American democracy should be continuously honored day by day, but it would be well for the American people to set aside one day each year to encourage those who live and to cherish the memory of those who have gone before. What day would be more appropriate than November 11th, the anniversary of the Signing of the Armistice! Do you remember that day? How we anxiously waited for the word? How exuberant we were when the news finally came? How relieved we felt? How happy we were?

This book of programs has been prepared to assist in the proper observance of Armistice Day. Schools, lodges, various organizations and even whole communities should join in regularly and enthusiastically honoring those who fought "Over There." Let us give honor to whom honor is due!

This is simply a book of suggestions. No program could include all we give. Local committees will no doubt add numbers of their own choosing. This collection is offered rather to assist our friends in preparing programs for the proper observance of Armistice Day. If the suggestions prove of any value, we shall feel that the book has not been issued in vain.

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Lest We Forget

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

General Suggestions

THE SERVICE FLAG.

During 1917 and 1918, citizens of the United States displayed the Service Flag in conjunction with our National Flag, and in that manner indicated that one or more members of that household or society were serving in some part of the World War.

Every one displayed "Old Glory" as they should. Many bought Liberty Bonds and thus were entitled to wear a Liberty Loan Button. All who possibly could bought. Those who could not buy bonds, bought Thrift Stamps and War Saving Certificates. All who gave to the Red Cross or who paid the membership fee displayed a Red Cross Flag or wore a Red Cross Button. All of these symbols indicated that the wearer had done something to help. He had done his bit!

But everyone could not display the Flag of Honor, the Service Flag. Only those who were nearest and dearest were so privileged. It was a sign that someone had sacrificed business, home, and loved ones to offer himself for his country. We all honored them. Every family, church, society or school thus honored those of its members who had answered the country's call. The Service Flag was a badge of honor for that particular home or institution.

The following is a part of an editorial which appeared in the *Chicago Evening Post* during those momentous days:

"We never thought that any flag could give us a greater thrill than Old Glory; but we got it when we looked at the first Service Flag that met our gaze. It is the Service Flag that put the meaning into Old Glory. We count the blue stars on the white field with eyes that grow misty, and our glance passes from them to the red border. How many of the blue stars must go down in the red before the war ends? Already, in many places, there are Service Flags, on each of

which one blue star has sunk in the crimson tide of sacrifice. But we must not lose them from the flags. Rather let them be changed from blue to gold and shine with a greater and undimmed luster."

The World War ended on November 11, 1918, and nearly 60,000 blue stars had changed to gold. No tribute could be too high for those who laid down their lives for their country.

"Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!"

And now, at this time of remembrance, nothing could be more appropriate than the rehangings of the Service Flags.



For those who desire to show this additional tribute to our heroes, we offer the following Service Flag:

This flag, 10 x 15 inches, is printed in true colors on a sheet of ledger paper, size 10 x 18 inches. The bottom is to be trimmed off, the stars cut out and pasted on. Mailed on a tube. Price, 25 cents each, postpaid.



ROSTER OF HEROES.

On November 11, Armistice Day, every club, society, church and school should display a list of those who participated in any branch of service in the World War. This recognition is due them for their sacrifice and is a stimulus to patriotism. We offer a stencil, "A Roster of Heroes," with a U. S. Soldier and Sailor. This can be used for transferring to either the blackboard or to cardboard. In either case the design should be colored. Price, 10 cents. We can also supply a stencil, "Roll of Honor," with American Eagle on Shield. Price, 10 cents. Both stencils

can be used as forms and the names written on the blank lines.

A TRIBUTE TO THE "UNKNOWN SOLDIER."

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' new book, "Yellow Butterflies," is one of the most beautiful tributes accorded the Unknown Soldier. This wonderful little story should be read by all true Americans. The telling of this story or the reading of it at the Armistice Day Exercises would be especially appropriate. No address would be needed on the program if this was used. We can supply the book for 75 cents, postpaid.

FLANDERS POPPIES.

It is especially fitting that the citizens of the country and the school children wear a bright red poppy on Armistice Day. Artificial poppies can be bought most everywhere; but it would be quite suitable to have the children make poppies from red crepe or tissue paper.

Lest We Forget

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM No. 1, FOR COMMUNITY EXERCISES

Patriotic March by the Band or Orchestra.

Song—"Lest We Forget." See Kipling's poem on page 5. This may be sung to the tune "Magdalen" and will be found in many church hymnals.

Invocation—

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Lest we forget the courage, patience and patriotic self-sacrifice of those who fought at Chateau Thierry, in the Argonne and the supreme sacrifice of those who lie in Flanders' fields. We thank Thee for the splendid lessons of heroism that we have learned from those who died that this world might be free. They gave the last full measure of devotion. We cherish their memories in our hearts and opposite the name of each we place the gold star of service.

We thank Thee for the vigorous vital Americanism of those who have come back to us. They endured much that we might live free from the rule of a despot. Now they are just as courageously and patiently fighting the everyday battles of our complex American life. Bless them,

we pray Thee. May they lead us on to nobler deeds, higher thoughts and greater achievements. May we take a lesson from their self-sacrificing heroism and may we help to make this great land of ours a free and happy home for those who are yet to come. May we all so live that those who have gone will not have died in vain and those who are with us will not have lived in vain and that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth. Amen.

Song—"America."

Address of Tribute—By a prominent citizen.

Response—By a member of the American Legion.

Vocal or Instrumental Solo.

Principal Address of the Occasion—By an eminent speaker.

Song—"Star-Spangled Banner."

Benediction.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM No. 2, FOR COMMUNITY EXERCISES

Song—"Star-Spangled Banner."

Invocation.

Recitation—"In Flanders' Fields."

Recitation—"Other Poppies."

Drill—"Song of the Colors."

Reading—"Censored."

Dialog—"Young Patriots."

Solo—"Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Dear Old Pal of Mine," or something else appropriate.

Play—"Uncle Sam's Best," or an address of tribute may be given instead.

Reading—"Lest We Forget," closes the program.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM No. 3, FOR COMMUNITY EXERCISES

Patriotic March, by Band or Orchestra.

Song—"America."

Recitation—"My Country."

Recitation—"The Soldier's Toast."

Instrumental Selection—Violin or piano solo.

Musical Reading—"When the Band Plays 'Over There.'"

Recitation—"The Service Flag."

Recitation—"The Boys Who Are Not There."

Solo—"Lest We Forget." This may be sung to the tune "Magdalen," which will be found in most church hymnals.

Play—"When the Armistice Was Signed"; or, if preferred, the retelling of the story, "Yellow Butterflies," would be quite appropriate.

Closing Song—"America the Beautiful."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM No. 4, FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL

Song—"Star-Spangled Banner," by the school.

Opening Address—By principal or teacher.

Recitation—"In Flanders' Fields."

Recitation—"Other Poppies."

Solo—Either instrumental or vocal, to be selected.
"Dear Old Pal of Mine" would be quite fitting.

Play—"For Liberty's Sake," or, "Uncle Sam's Best."

Closing Song—To be selected. "Keep the Home Fires Burning" or a similar song would be appropriate.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM No. 5, FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL

Patriotic Song or March—To be selected.

Reading—"Lest We Forget"—By a teacher.

Song—"America," by the school.

Recitation—"My Country."

Recitation—"The Boys Who Are Not There."

Solo—Instrumental or vocal, to be selected.

Retelling of the Story—"Yellow Butterflies," or an address by a townsman.

Song—"America the Beautiful."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM No. 6, FOR MIXED GRADES

Song—Any patriotic selection.

Recitation—"Wreaths in Verse."

Recitation—"My Country."

Solo—Instrumental or vocal selection.

Drill—"Our Colors."

Dialog—"The Bugler."

Song—"War Saving Stamps."

Dialog—"Young Patriots."

Reading—"Lest We Forget."

Song—"America," or some other patriotic anthem.

**SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM No. 7, FOR GRAMMAR
OR INTERMEDIATE GRADES**

Song—"America the Beautiful," or any other patriotic selection.

Reading—"Lest We Forget," and general remarks, by the teacher.

Recitation—"The Soldier."

Drill—"Paper Buddies on Parade."

Song or Solo—Some war-time song; "Keep the Home Fires Burning" is suggested.

Recitation—"Liberty Loan."

Dialog—"Young Patriots."

Song—"War Saving Stamps."

Recitation—"The Service Flag."

Instrumental Selection—To be selected.

Recitation—"The Boys Who Are Not There."

Recitation—"Other Poppies."

Closing Song—"Star-Spangled Banner."

**SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM No. 8, FOR PRIMARY
GRADES**

Opening Song—Some patriotic number which the children know best.

Reading—"In Flanders' Fields" and general remarks by the teacher.

Song-Drill—"My Brother's Gun."

Recitation—"I'd Rather be a Sailor."

Dialog—"Two Little Patriots."

Closing Song—"America," or "Star-Spangled Banner."

In Flanders' Fields

The first of these lyrics was written by Lieut. Col. John McCrea, a member of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, while taking part in the second battle of Ypres. The body of Lieut. McCrea now lies buried in Flanders' Fields. The request he made to take up the flaming torch has been granted and the principles for which he and countless thousands gave up their lives triumphed on the fields of Flanders.

THE APPEAL

By LIEUT. COL. JOHN MCCREA.

In Flanders' Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, but now we lie
In Flanders' Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields.

THE PROMISE

By C. B. GALBREATH, Librarian of State of Ohio.

In Flanders' Fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly

The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
In Flanders' Fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well,
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you,
In Flanders' Fields.

THE FULFILMENT

By JOSEPH A. CLARK.

In Flanders' Fields the poppies grow,
'Tis quiet 'mid the sunset glow.
The larks are singing, far on high
Above the crosses as they fly,
A requiem to those below.

Sleep on, ye brave, who gave your all.
The shrieking shell, the bugle call,
No more shall wake you from your rest,
In Flanders' Fields.

The flaming torch aloft we bore,
We've kept the faith. The battle o'er,
The foe is crushed. We've fought it through,
Now, rest in peace, God be with you
Who lie asleep, where poppies score
In Flanders' Fields.

Wreaths in Verse

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

In Flanders' Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields.

—*John McCrea.*

YE ARE NOT DEAD

In Flanders still the poppies grow
Among the crosses, bending low,
On fragile stems, their cups of red
Like censers swinging o'er the dead
That fell short days ago.

Ye are not dead! If it were so
We that abide could never go
As blithely marching by your bed
In Flanders' Fields.

Because your bodies lie below,
Above, with an intenser glow,
The torch moves on; in your brave stead
Men dare to bleed as ye have bled—
That larks may sing and poppies blow
In Flanders' Fields.

—*Frank E. Hering.*

GUARDING POPPIES

Poppies in a shell hole ruby red,
Where a dying soldier's blood was shed,
Typify the story
Of a Nation's glory—
And its dead.

Poppies, crimson poppies, e're shall be
A token of our graves o'er the sea.
Eternal guard they keep,
Where our Crusaders sleep
Peacefully.

—*Norman Shannon Hall.*

Recitations

THE BOYS WHO ARE NOT THERE

The fine returning hosts go by,
The bugles of the morning play
Their serenades unto the sky,
The taut drums beat the reveille—
But, oh, through moments pecked and dim,
So many stand with downcast air;
They only see through sorrow's grim
The figures of the boys not there!

Bright banners deck the laughing streets,
And throngs on jumbled sidewalks wait;
The day is fine, the air is sweet,
The hosts march by so tall and straight.
But with them moving all the while
Are shadows that shall never come
With old, accustomed, manly smile
To summons of the sounding drum!

And these are all that she can see—
That mother on the throng's bright rim;
And, oh, how much she'd give if she
Could only go out there to him;
Could kneel a moment by that cross
Amid red poppies where he lies
So close to Flanders mud and moss,
With God's sweet slumber on his eyes!

The pomp and splendor of the day,
The glory of the great parade,
Shall come and go and pass away,
Shall from the moment's memory fade—
But not the picture of the pale,
The frequent, phantoms everywhere—
The ghosts of Argonne hill and vale;
The ghosts of boys that are not there!

—*Baltimore Sun.*

FIELDS OF FRANCE

In Picardy

The lilies flank
The wild, green, placid fields;
Along the Marne's tree-shaded bank
The primrose lifts its head.
What dream is this whose omen wilds
The sinister thoughts of coming dread?

In Picardy

The fertile fields—
And fragile swaying flowers—
Have bent beneath relentless beat
Of stumbling—weary—marching feet
That dare not count the hours.

And the Marne's

Primrose-laden paths
Are trampled 'neath the dust
Of hurrying armies' passing throng.
To those brave hearts does France belong;
To us the faith—to them the trust.

Amid the Marne's

Dull-shadowed depths
Bruised petals in the sod—
A lad's face pinched with pain—and drawn;
A soul gone out to meet the dawn;
Dark sunken eyes that vision God.

The lilies

Of Picardy
Are broken by the lance.
The groping fingers of the blind
Clutch close the broken stems they find;
To torn hearts in loneliness
They still retain their loveliness;

To parched lips, athirst and spent,
They are the blessed sacrament
For those who died in proud content
Upon the mother breast of France.

—*Boston Transcript.*

MY COUNTRY

“America!” When first I heard
The music of that matchless word,
My youthful heart with rapture stirred,
My Country!

As oft I knelt at mother’s knee
At twilight hour in infancy,
She taught me how to pray for thee,
My Country!

Land where my mother lived and taught,
Land where my sire for freedom fought,
Land that our martyred blood hath bought,
My Country!

Lives there a man so mean, so base,
Who can not in thy history trace,
The struggles for a peaceful race,
My Country!

For all we’ve fought for in the past,
Let us maintain while time shall last,
With truth and duty holding fast,
My Country!

While “peace with honor” we proclaim,
The starry flag which bears thy name
We’ll let no overt act defame
My Country!

Blest burden of my prayer and song,
To thee my life, my strength belong,
I love thee, whether right or wrong,
My Country!

I'll live, I'll work, I'll die for thee,
Dear land of my nativity.
Take all that life holds dear to me,
My Country!

—*Julia W. Galloway, in the Boston Transcript.*

THE SERVICE FLAG

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's pray'r
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight
Born of the blood that our forbears shed
To raise your mother, The Flag, o'er head.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say;
“I am the voice of a soldier-son
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

“I am the flag of The Service, sir;
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

“I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

"I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often unthought of—the sisters, too.
I am the flag of a mother's son
And won't come down till the victory's won!"

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's pray'r,
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

—*William Hershell.*

STARS OF SERVICE

The little house is brown and down at heel,
The casements crumble and the porches sag;
Complaining hinges hold a crooked gate
And from the chimney sullen smoke wreaths lag.
But as I pass, within a window hung,
I see a service flag with triple stars—
And all at once the walls grow tall and fair
And not an ugly line their beauty mars.
Carved, stately pillars welcome at the door,
A beckoning finger from each chimney stars,
And in a moment, changed, the little house
Becomes a palace filled with royal hearts.

—*Dayton Herald.*

OUR HONOR ROLL

The lists grew longer as the days went by,
Those lists of our brave boys who fought and died.
Our Honor Roll I read, my eyes grew dim,
Ah, it had come—the glorious crown to him.

To him who left me with his earnest face,
Unsmiling, firm; and in his strength and grace
Rode eastward with his fellows through the foam,
And left me lonely in my pride at home.

"Well, good-bye, Dad!" His manly voice I heard,
I knew his soul was innocent of fear;
And in my ears his parting words shall be
Forever sweetest of all sounds to me.

But day by day time soothes our sorrow and grief
And all our treasured memories bring relief.
For those who sleep just where they won their fame
We higher hold the torch, and count it gain.

—*New York Evening Sun.*

OTHER POPPIES

Among the crosses in the fields
That mark the Flanders' dead,
'Neath other skies and times and eyes
Are other poppies blowing red.

But other poppies though they be
And ignorant of war,
Their call's as clear upon the ear
As those that bloomed to call before.

We must forever through the years
Be loyal to the dead
In Flanders' sod, while bloom and nod
The scarlet poppies o'er their bed.

—*Someple.*

[*The girl giving these verses has a mass of scarlet poppies bunched between both hands.*]

THE SOLDIER

Here's to the boy of spirit bold,
Of courage to endure,
Of enmity for trampling feet,
Of honor high and pure!

Here's to the boy with the ready laugh
That nothing can destroy,
Except it be another's hurt—
Here's to our soldier boy!

—*Someple.*

THE SOLDIER'S TOAST

Here's to the land for which I fight,
Here's to the flag she flies,
The best of lands, the best of flags,
Beneath the bluest skies.

Here's to the Army, here's to the boys,
Among whom I belong,
A laughing, loyal, valiant,
And undefeated throng.

Here's to the cause I advocate,
The cause for which I fight,
Allegiance, justice, liberty,
Upholding of the right.

Here's to the hearth that I defend,
Here's to the homefolk there,
The dearest spot, the dearest folk
Of any, anywhere.

Here's to the girl I left behind,
Here's to my love for her,
Here's to her patient love for me,
Here's to the days that were.

—*Someplz.*

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God, mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katherine Lee Bates.*

LIBERTY LOAN

Liberty Loan, were you Liberty Gift,
And not an example of judgment and thrift;
Were you to pass, never more to return;
Were you the last that I've struggled to earn;
Still I should say, as we parted, in pride:
These are the dollars that I've sanctified;
These are the dollars, once treasured as mine,
That I have offered at Liberty's shrine.

If I could count up the money I've spent,
Count every dollar and say where it went;
Little of pride would be mine to recall,
There would be selfishness written in all;
Money for pleasure and raiment to wear;
But out of all the glad dollars I've known,
The finest were those of the Liberty Loan.

They are the dollars I've pledged to the truth,
Dollars I've sent with our finest of youth
Into the battle zone, fighting for me;
They are my voice speaking over the sea.
All that with money I ever have done,
Can not compare with this service! There's none,
Even in deeds that I've done for my own,
Fit to be classed with my Liberty Loan.

They are the dollars I hallowed with love,
For the star-spangled banner that's flying above;
Dollars devoted to winning for men,
Freedom and laughter and gladness again;
They are my dollars, still spotless and clean,
Unstained by anything sordid and mean,
And they shall stand, till life's debt is paid,
As the best use of money I ever have made.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

I'D RATHER BE A SAILOR

I'd rather be a sailor
Than you, or you, or you,
And ride the ocean billows,
One of a jolly crew.

I'd sail straight into sundown
And touch strange distant shores,
I'd do the country's honors
And fight her naval wars.

No foe should sight our seacoast
With me in sailor blue;
I'd rather be a sailor
Than you, or you, or you.

—Someple.

[For a little boy in a sailor suit. At each "you, or you, or you," he points to different men in the audience; men prominent in their community.]

YOUR HOSIERY

(With the usual apologies.)

The hours I spent on your dear socks,
Were as a string of purls to me;
I counted them o'er by the weary clocks,
Your hosiery, your hosiery.

First two I knit, then two I purled,
And round the leg I slowly reeled;
Then joyful paeans to the Heavens I hurled,
When I turned the heel.

Oh, knotted ends that scratched and burned,
Oh, stitch that dropped, uneven row;
I kissed each blight and strove at last to learn
To reach the toe, sweetheart, to reach the toe.

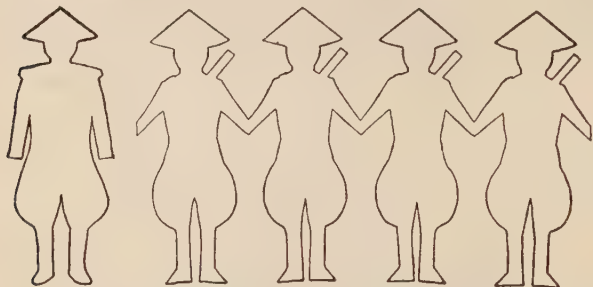
—Selected.

PAPER BUDDIES ON PARADE

By SOMEPELE.

(A drill with droll possibilities for a row of boys.)

They are supposed to be a row of soldiers such as children cut out of paper, fastened together by their hands, as illustrated. They have on, crosswise, three-cornered hats made of newspaper. Fastened to their fronts in a continuous row are flat soldier suits cut out of newspaper, hands outstretched and pasted together, feet almost together, shoulders square, gun barrels extending above their shoulders. Back of their suits the boys have hold of hands and keep their arms and legs back of the paper arms and legs. They never move their bodies, arms, nor heads and they lift their feet from the floor as little as possible. They make themselves look just as paper soldierlike as they can. One paper soldier is detached from the rest. He is the Commandant. His place is at the right end of the line and a little in advance of it. His suit has no musket, his arms are straight down. His commands are delivered crisply, without any movement of his head and with as little opening of his lips as possible.



[The PAPER BUDDIES are in position across the stage when the curtains are drawn apart and the COMMANDANT in place. A drum beats appropriately or there is interpretive music throughout the drill.]

COMMANDANT: Salute!

[The line stands perfectly still.]

Shoulder arms!

[The line remains motionless.]

Forward march!

[The line advances briskly and evenly for a few paces. Then the wind apparently springs up and the line is blown back and somewhat to the left. All the comical misadventures of the PAPER BUDDIES are supposed to be caused by unexpected gusts of wind, which interfere at critical moments with their carrying out of the COMMANDANT'S orders. Their mishaps must be as involuntary appearing as the boys can make them, as if they have no choice but to be blown by any wind that blows. In all their movements they always present their paper fronts to the audience. The COMMANDANT, for all the sharpness and dignity of his demeanor, is played with by the wind as the others are, but always a pace or two apart.]

FORWARD MARCH!

[The line rallies and advances again, but again is blown back, somewhat to the right this time.]

FORWARD MARCH!

[The line rallies and advances properly.]

Halt!

[The left end of the line halts. The right end is swung around before it can obey.]

HALT!

[The right end halts. The left end is swung around by the wind.]

HALT!

[The line halts in a straight line.]

Attention!

[*Beginning at the left, a convulsive wriggle travels across the line to the right.*]

ATTENTION!

[*Beginning at the right, a convulsive wriggle travels across the line to the left.*]

ATTENTION!

[*The line is still.*]

Present arms!

[*The line remains motionless.*]

Shoulder arms!

[*The line does not move.*]

Forward march!

[*The line advances briskly.*]

The enemy! They come! Double-quick!

[*The line "double-quicks."*]

Attack!

[*The line takes a bold step forward and then glides back before the wind.*]

ATTACK!

[*The line glides farther back and faster before a stronger wind and from the right.*]

ATTACK!

[*The line glides still farther back and faster before a still stronger wind and from the left.*]

FIRE!

[*The line is all but toppled over backward by the wind. Only the back wall of the stage saves the PAPER BUDDIES.*]

The enemy! Retreat!

[*The line regains its balance and advances a step.*]

RETREAT!

[The line advances, a strong wind at its back, swiftly, overwhelmingly, in a straight line. The COMMANDANT, when halfway from the back wall to the front edge of the stage, is blown back again.]

Halt! Hold! Wait! Dang me, I'm comin'! Wait, I say!

[The line advances without a stop, straight up to the front edge of the stage, where suddenly the PAPER BUDDIES are all but blown over on their faces. The COMMANDANT continues to blow backward in a struggling, zigzag fashion.]

Hold! Wait! THE ENEMY! THEY RUN! STOP 'EM! I'M COMIN'! MAKE 'EM WAIT TILL I GET THERE!

[He blows forward. The line regains its balance.]

THE DAY IS OURS!

[He resumes his dignity and position to the right of the line. There he does not move, but the wind blows the line to the right and against him, almost upsetting him.]

Halt!

[The line continues to be blown to the right, shoving him along, his feet protesting.]

HALT!

[The line does not halt.]

HALT!

[The line halts, flattening him, sidewise, against the right wall of the stage.]

STACK ARMS!

[The line does not move. He remains crushed against the wall.]

BREAK RANKS!

[The line remains motionless.]

Dang me! Who's commandin' these tactics? Get off my toes there, dang me! I'll court-martial the lot of you!

[The line drifts gently across the stage, sidewise, and out at the left, the COMMANDANT bringing up the rear.]

CURTAIN

OUR COLORS

By ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL.

[For any number of children divisible by three. Each wears a scarf of plain red, white or blue crepe paper draped over right shoulder, across breast, and tied on left side in a loose knot with long ends but no loops. One-third of the children wear red, one-third white, and the rest blue. Each carries a United States flag.]

FIGURE 1: Reds enter, single file, flags held uprightly in right hands, touching shoulder. March entirely around platform, turning square corners, then form line across back and come down abreast, waving flags.

FIG. 2: Wave flags to music, through four measures.

FIG. 3: Turn toward center, march to front corners, up sides to back, flags over right shoulder. Form line at back, hold flags as in figure 1. Retain position while Whites enter and go through figures 1, 2 and 3, forming their line in front of Reds. Both hold position while Blues enter and go through figures 1, 2 and 3. They are now in three lines across back.

FIG. 4: Reds march down from both sides and form line in front of Blues, then Whites do same, and form line in front of Reds, then Blues do same, forming line in front of Whites. Repeat this figure,

planning to bring Blues to front of platform at end of figure.

FIG. 5: Wave flags through four measures, then, Blues leading, march as in figure 3, Whites falling in behind Blues, and Reds behind Whites.

FIG. 6: Come down in pairs, and form arch of flags. Hold position through two measures, then dissolve arch by marching through it, back pair first, marching down to center front.

FIG. 7: March as in figure 1, come down in pairs, and form large semicircle, or two, one behind the other, if many children are taking part, having Reds first, Whites in center, and Blues at other end.

[The next figures are each continued through four measures.]

FIG. 8: Flags touching left shoulder, bring out to right.

FIG. 9: Wave flags high. Wave flags low.

FIG. 10: Beginning low, wave them, raising them higher and higher, till at end of fourth measure they are as high as possible.

FIG. 11: Reverse figure 10, bringing them gradually lower.

FIG. 12: Cross flags in pairs, hold position through four measures, then resume first position.

REDS [*recite, holding flags out*]:

Red is the color of glory.

"Old Glory," our banner we call.

Red for the blood of our boys so brave,

Who for it have given their all.

Red for their wonderful valor—

'Twas Liberty they fought to save!

We'll always keep "Old Glory" flying

O'er every brave soldier boy's grave.

ALL [*waving flags low*] :

Wave, bright banner, forever wave,
And honor each hero's lowly grave.

WHITES [*recite, holding out flags*] :

White is for purity. Pure and sweet
Was the love that our soldier boys brought;
Love for mankind, trodden down and oppressed—
'Twas for that they so bravely have fought.
White is for peace. There shall come a fair day
When all war forever shall cease,
And Nation with Nation true hands shall clasp
In a world-wide, lasting peace.

ALL [*waving flags about face-high*] :

Wave, bright banner, and never cease
Till thou wavest in universal peace!

BLUES [*holding flags out*] :

Blue is for honor. We honor our flag
When we to our country are true,
Conserving or serving, at home or abroad,
Each one may be always "true blue."
Blue is for loyalty. Steadfast and firm,
Wherever that dear flag shall fly,
Our soldiers will follow it—even to death.
Let us serve it as well—you and I.

ALL [*waving flags high*] :

Wave bright banner! Thy crimson bars,
Thy field of blue, and thy silver stars,
Shall freedom to all the world proclaim,
Till in grateful love they pronounce thy name—
"Old Glory!"

[*All sing last verse and chorus of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Wave flags during second and last lines of verse. During chorus, wave rather low*]

through first line, higher through second; during third line hold high, not waving; during last line, wave high.]

FIG. 13: Come down to center front in pairs, separate, and march to corners, up sides to back, meet at back and come down in pairs again, flags crossed, separate and march to back as before, flags over shoulders.

FIG. 14: When back corners are reached this time, march down diagonally to opposite front corners, lines crossing at center, first a girl from one side passing, then one from left and so on. March across front in two lines to opposite front corners, then up diagonally to back corners, crossing at center as before.

FIG. 15: March across back in two lines, then down sides. Form lines at sides and face center. Then march across to opposite sides, waving flags and crossing at center, which is easily done, if each steps to right of the one met. When sides are reached, turn and march back again.

FIG. 16: March up to meet at back, then fall into line and march in large circle, waving flags. March completely around circle twice, then stop, and all retaining places in circle, sing chorus of "Red, White and Blue," again with same motions as before. March around circle once more, and out.

MY BROTHER'S GUN

By SOMEPELE.

[A song-drill for a row of boys.]

They have on their soldier brothers' overseas caps and D. S. C's. The caps either are the real thing or are made of brown paper, a little too big for their heads. The crosses are glittering imitations. The boys carry their brothers' muskets, which may be toy guns. One of the boys has a large furled Stars and Stripes instead of a gun.

[To the music of the song or the beat of a drum the boys, shouldering their brothers' guns, march in, single file. They wheel to face the front with soldierly snap and precision. They salute.]

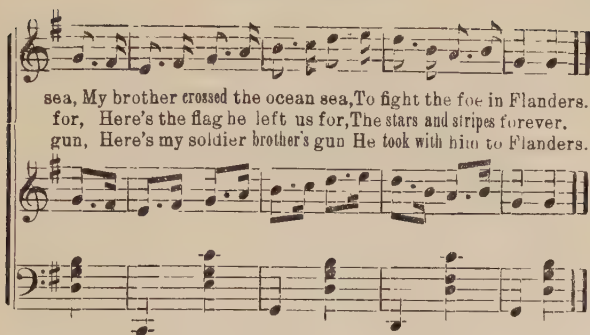
THE BOYS:

My Brother's Gun.

Music by Jean Klizabeth Van Dyke.

The musical score is written for three parts: a treble clef melody, a treble clef accompaniment, and a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of two lines of music, each with four measures. The lyrics are written below the first line of the melody.

1. My brother crossed the ocean sea, The ocean sea, the o-cean
 2. Here's the flag he left us for, He left us for, he left us
 3. Here's my soldier brother's gun, My brother's gun, my brother's



[During the singing of second stanza the boy with the flag unfurls and waves it.]

4

Here's how he presented it,
Presented it,
Presented it,
Here's how he presented it
In training camp maneuvers.

[They present arms. All their movements must be made with smart soldierly exactness.]

5

This is how he stacked his gun,
He stacked his gun,
He stacked his gun,
This is how he stacked his gun
When morning drill was over.

[They stack arms.]

6

This is how he shouldered it,
He shouldered it,
He shouldered it,
This is how he shouldered it
And marched away to Flanders.

[They shoulder arms and march in formation once around the stage. Then they halt in a single line again and wheel to face the front.]

7

Here's the cap he wore with it,
He wore with it,
He wore with it,
Here's the cap he wore with it,
A-soldiering in Flanders.

[*They salute.*]

8

This is how he shot his gun,
He shot his gun,
He shot his gun,
This is how he shot his gun,
When ordered into action.

[*They take careful aim. After the last word they shout BANG.*]

9

Till at last this D. S. C.,
This D. S. C.,
This D. S. C.,
Till at last this D. S. C.

They gave him for his brav'ry.

[*They proudly swell out their chests.*]

10

This is how he shot his gun,
He shot his gun,
He shot his gun,
This is how he shot his gun
Repeatedly in action.

[*Again they take careful aim and shout BANG after the last word.*]

11

Till at last my brother's gun,
My brother's gun,
My brother's gun,
Till at last my brother's gun
Had won the war in Flanders.

12

This is how he shouldered it,
He shouldered it,
He shouldered it,
This is how he shouldered it
And turned his footsteps homeward.

[They shoulder arms again and march once around the stage in formation. Then they halt in single line and wheel to face the front.]

13

Now it hangs above the grate,
Above the grate,
Above the grate,
Now it hangs above the grate
With grandpa's army musket.

[They look up and raise their guns high before them, every two crossed.]

14

Trophies of the battlefield,
The battlefield,
The battlefield,
Trophies of the battlefield
At home and o'er the ocean.

15

Trophies both of victory,
Of victory,
Of victory,
Trophies both of victory,
And righteousness triumphant.

CURTAIN

GUNS. Carved from wood, the real "Rookie" model, 43 inches long, correct length for drill purposes. Price, \$4.50 per dozen, expressage extra. One gun by mail, 60 cents, postpaid.

SOLDIER HATS. Regular officer's cap, heavy paper, khaki color. Price, 35 cents each, postpaid.

Order from March Brothers, 208, 210, 212 Wright Avenue, Lebanon, Ohio.

SONG OF THE COLORS

By SOMEPIE.

A song-drill for almost any number of children. It ends with their forming the flag by sitting on the floor. If the stage is large enough and more than two hundred children are available, an elaborate flag of thirteen stripes and many stars may be made, as in Diagram 1. If there is only a limited number of children, the flag must have fewer stripes—forty or fifty for a flag of five stripes, etc.

The children are divided into three groups, the Red, the White, and the Blue. The Red are dressed all in red, the White in white, and the Blue in blue.

There is music, if possible, to march to and to accompany the singing.

[The RED march in, single file, and round and round the stage in a wide circle while they sing. Also, once around before they begin to sing and once after they are through singing.]

THE RED:

*Song of the Colors.**Music by Jean Elizabeth Van Dyke.**mf Allegro.*

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "We're the crim-son of Old Glo - ry, We're the Red and".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "we're the brave, When our na-tive land's in per - il".

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "We're the ones called out to save; We are bold and we're cour-".

Song of the Colors.—Continued.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody, a second treble staff with a similar melody, and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: a - geous, Under whistling shot and shell, Ev - er

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody, a second treble staff with a similar melody, and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: in her darkest moments We have served our country well.

REFRAIN.

Refrain section of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody, a second treble staff with a similar melody, and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: We're the Red, and the red ones are the brave; Hur - rah then, for the brave ones are the Red,

Song of the Colors.—Concluded.

We're the Red, 'tis the Red that keep awake The flag of
Hear their gay and gallant tread on tread, For they're the

This system contains the first three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal melody in G major (one sharp). The second and third staves are piano accompaniment, with the second staff featuring chords and the third staff featuring a bass line.

Free-dom's sons, The stars and stripes su-preme,
sol-diers that Have fought while float o'er-head

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system.

Wher-e'er the Red are there its col-ors gleam.
The tri-ple col-ors of A-mer-i-ca.

This system contains the final three staves of music, concluding the song with a double bar line at the end of the third staff.

[The RED stand still in a wide circle, a space between every two of them. The WHITE march in, single file, and round and round in a circle, singing and winding in and out among the RED, who remain still, as in Diagram 1. Also, they march once around before beginning to sing and once after singing.]

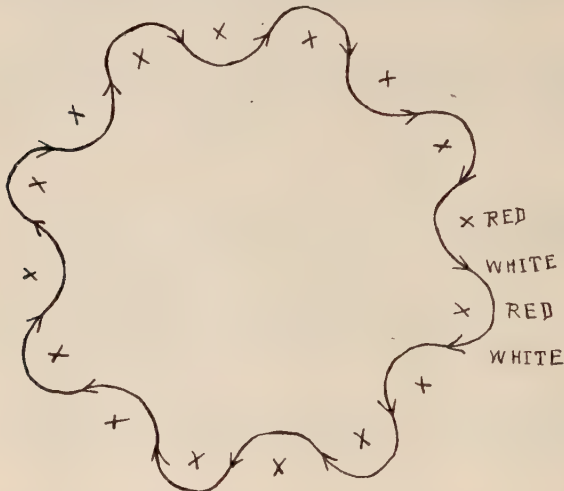


Diagram No. 1

THE WHITE:

2

We're the spotless of Old Glory,
 We're the White and we're the pure,
 We uphold our country's honor
 With ideals that endure;
 When the Red go forth to battle,
 We're the cause for which they fight,
 Not aggrandizement nor power,
 But for justice and the right.

We're the White
 And the White ones are the pure,
 We're the White,
 'Tis the White ones that assure

The flag of Freedom's sons,
 The Stars and Stripes supreme,
 Where there's dishonor,
 There it shall not stream.

Hurrah then
 For the pure ones are the White,
 See their eyes
 Fixed with a steady light
 Upon the goal to keep
 Fore'er unsoiled and bright
 The triple colors of America.

[The WHITE stand still, a WHITE next to every RED, leaving a space between every two and two. The BLUE march in and round and round, singing and winding in and out of the circle, as in Diagram 2. Also, they march once around before and once after singing.]



Diagram No. 2

THE BLUE:

3

We're the navy of Old Glory,
 We're the Blue and we're the true,
 True to honor and our country,
 True in all we say and do;
 Loyal to our country's banner,
 To ourselves and to our God,
 To the Army and the Navy,
 To the boys beneath the sod.

We're the Blue
 And the Blue ones are the true,
 We're the Blue,
 'Tis the Blue ones that imbue
 The flag of Freedom's sons,
 The Stars and Stripes supreme,
 With fealty in
 Ev'ry thread and seam.



Diagram No. 3

We will never, never falter,
We will never bring disgrace
On the banner we're a part of,
Each one in his proper place.

We're the colors
Of our country's flag;
It shall never,
Never, never drag
The dust of cowardice,
Be stained by doubtful deed,
Nor be exploited
In disloyal greed.

Hurrah then
For the Red of bravery,
For the White,
The white of purity,

Hurrah then for the Blue,
The blue of constancy,
The triple colors of America.

[*Tableau and "The Star Spangled Banner."*]

CURTAIN

CENSORED

By SOMEONE.

[*A Reading for a girl. In her hands she has a letter, the envelope conspicuously marked along the top or one end with a printed "Opened by Censor 89."*]

At last I've got a letter!
No more shall I repine
And wait and watch and hunger
And long for just a line—
I see it has been opened
By Censor 89.

[*She scrutinizes the superscription and postmark.*]

The postmark and address are
All blotted by design,
I wonder how the mailman
Could guess that it was mine—
I only know 'twas Opened
By Censor 89.

[*She draws out the letter, containing many blotted out words and lines, and puzzles over it as she turns it this way and that, squinting and scowling.*]

I wonder where he wrote it,
I can't make out that line;
I wonder when he wrote it,
The date's a Chinese sign—
I only know 'twas Opened
By Censor 89.

The salutation's blotted,
Am I his own divine
And darling little sweetheart,
Or just Dear Caroline?—
I only know 'twas Opened
By Censor 89.

To blots and scratched out places
His pages all incline,
I can't guess what he writes of,
The trenches? Me? The kine?—
I only know 'twas Opened
By Censor 89.

His compliment in closing
Is just a hen-tracked line,
It might be Yours forever,
Again Forever thine—
I only know 'twas Opened
By Censor 89.

His name I can't decipher,
It's just a daubed design,
Did brother, friend, or sweetheart
Indite this note of mine?—
I only know 'twas Opened
By Censor 89.

[She sighs as she returns the letter to the envelope.]

Ah, well, I've had a letter!
No more must I repine
And wait and watch and hunger
And long for just a line,
Though all I know 'twas Opened
By Censor 89.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYS "OVER THERE"

(A Musical Reading.)

By SOMEONE.

[The reciter is a girl. She leans back in an arm-chair, her elbow on the arm, her chin in her hand, dreaming of war days. Before she speaks, "Over There" is played softly by the school orchestra, or on the piano or phonograph. The girl absently taps the floor with her foot in time to the tune. Also, at the end of each stanza a bar or two of "Over There" is softly played and the girl again taps her foot in time. A fireplace before the girl's chair and semi-darkness of the room would give a dreamy touch to the scene.]

Still I see the soldiers marching
Down the street,
Still I hear the tramping, tramping
Of their feet,
Mingled with the sidewalk clapping
For the olive drab they wear
And the flag unfurled above them,
When the band plays "Over There."

Still I see them board the transports,
'Tis good-by,
They are bound for France to conquer—
Or to die;
Still I see the wives and sweethearts
And the mothers hide despair
With a smile or merry laughter,
When the band plays "Over There."

Still I see the homefolk waiting,
Anxious-eyed,
For the word the boys have reached
The other side;

Still I read of U-boat dangers,
Still of convoys constant care,
Till word comes the boys have landed,
When the band plays "Over There."

Still I see the foreign-postmarked
Letters then,
Jesting, jibing, jolly letters
From our men;
Still I see the homefolk mailing
Bulky envelopes that bear
All the consequential home news,
When the band plays "Over There."

Still I'm rolling bandages
And making masks,
Knitting socks, and doing all
Those war-time tasks;
Still I trace the line of battle,
Still with yesterday's compare,
Still I scan the lists each morning,
When the band plays "Over There."

Still I hear the drums and see
The bunting fly,
Still the bells peal from the steeples
To the sky;
Still I'm in the throngs collecting,
Bands are out and torches flare
For the doughboys home victorious,
When the band plays "Over There."

All the years since 1918
Drop away,
And I'm back in gripping, thrilling
Yesterday,
With its sacrifice and spirit,
Doing more than each one's share,
Tears for graves across the water,
When the band plays "Over There."

WAR SAVING STAMPS

(A Song.)

[Enter any number of girls dressed in green with the letters W. S. S. cut from white paper pasted on front of costume. Sing following verses to tune of "Comin' Through the Rye."]

1

We were stamps of vast importance
Everybody knows.
Every sale of us, remember,
Helped defeat the foes.

2

You saved pennies, dimes and quarters,
Saved them constantly
Till you had enough to buy us,
In great quantity.

3

Saving Stamps you all did purchase,
Helped the war to win.
Showed the Sammies we were with them;
Brought them home again.

—Selected.

TWO LITTLE PATRIOTS

(A Dialog for a first grade boy and girl.)

By ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL.

BOY:

I'm a little soldier brave.

GIRL:

And a Red Cross Nurse am I.

BOTH:

We both our Country dear will serve,
For her we'll do or die.

BOY:

What! Do I see you smiling?

GIRL:

You think we're pretty small?

BOTH:

Well, just you wait till we grow up,
Then watch us, sir, that's all!

THE BUGLER

(A Dialog.)

By SOMEPLÉ.

TAPS

Oh, boy, the bugler was the lad,
To him we doffed our caps,
When at the wind-up of the day
He gayly sounded Taps!

REVEILLE

But, oh, he got our sentiments
In quite another way,
When in the early, surly dawn
He sounded Reveille!

[For two boys in overseas caps and with bugles. After the first has given his verse, he sounds Taps, closes his eyes, and snores ecstatically. Then the second gives his verse, sounds Reveille, and yawns prodigiously.]

YOUNG PATRIOTS

(A Dialog.)

[*Boy comes on stage and recites the following verses*]:

There was a call for patriots
From over this broad land.
Whoever did his best to help
Was true to Uncle Sam.

Now boys could not to battle go
But some things we could do;
And so we did it with good will
And patriotism, too.

The soldier boys had to be fed,
The Allies across the sea.
And since the crops must increased be
'Twas up to the boys and me.

We were not strong enough to plow,
But horses we could drive.
And the ground we plowed and harrowed well
And furrowed on every side.

We fertilized it, and dropped the seeds,
And covered them up with care.
And don't you think for a minute, boys,
That our work was ended there.

When the sun and the rain the seed had swelled
And it pushed up to the light,
Came the time when we soldiers had to be,
For we had enemies to fight.

And it was'nt so easy you'd better believe,
When you wanted to fish or play,
To just buckle down to good steady work
And wrestle with weeds all day.

And the bugs! The watchword was "Fight to the Death"!

And we watched for them all the time.
For if they once got ahead of us
Our crops 'd have failed, yours and mine.

Well, hoeing and digging has made us strong,
And we did find some time to play.
And when harvest time came and grain piled high
We knew that effort did pay.

[Girl runs on stage and continues recitation]:

And all the girls were patriots too,
And helped the boys in their work.
Don't turn up your nose *[boy looks haughtily away]*,
you know we did.
From duty we never did shirk.

And when some crops were ready to can
The girls took care of them then;
We canned and dried, and preserved as well,
Now, honestly, didn't we, Ben?

[Boy turns and takes Girl's hand, both recite]:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For the soldiers true,
The bulwark of our nation.
No finer patriots than they
You'll find in all creation.

—Selected.

UNCLE SAM'S BEST

By SOMEPLÉ.

(A playlet for seven boys and five girls.)

CHARACTERS**BOYS:**

UNCLE SAM, tall and slim.

SAMMY, little.

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY, a soldier.

JACK TAR, a sailor.

SILAS HOTCHKISS, a farmer.

LARRY, a schoolboy.

TOBE TINKER, a tin peddler.

GIRLS:

RHEA PATTISON, a Red Cross nurse.

ROSE LANE, a society belle.

MRS. BABCOCK, a mother.

PATSY, a schoolgirl.

AUNT LETTY, an old, old lady.

COSTUMES

UNCLE SAM is in the customary costume.

SAMMY is barefooted and has on a soldier hat of red, white and blue paper. He carries a drum and a little flag and sports the rank of captain.

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY is in khaki and carries a gun.

JACK TAR is in sailor's blue and shoulders a gun.

SILAS HOTCHKISS is in overalls and big straw hat and carries a gad.

LARRY and PATSY swing dinner pails and schoolbooks on straps.

TOBE TINKER is in a picturesque assortment of garments and has a string of tin pans, spoons, skillets, etc., dangling about his neck.

RHEA PATTISON is in Red Cross nurse's uniform.

ROSE LANE is arrayed in the latest fashion of party gowns, slippers and jewels. She flirts a fan.

MRS. BABCOCK wears a house dress and a big-checked apron tied about her ample waist. Her hands, face and apron are floury and she has two big cookies and a cooky cutter in her hands.

AUNT LETTY is in old-fashioned, old-lady costume. She has knitting needles, yarn and a half-finished gray sock.

THE PLAY

[UNCLE SAM is seated in the center of the stage. In his lap are twelve little rosettes of red, white and blue ribbon in a little heap. In his hand is a long strip of paper covered with names, which he has just unrolled. He is looking at the paper and running his fingers through the rosettes when SAMMY runs in.]

SAMMY: 'Lo, Uncle Sam! What you got there?

UNCLE SAM: Badges, Sammy.

SAMMY: Badges! Badges for whom?

UNCLE SAM: For Uncle Sam's Best.

SAMMY: Your best! What d'you mean, Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM: It is an order, Sammy, to which only those can belong who serve their Uncle Sam the very best they know how.

SAMMY: Oh! [He picks up a rosette and pins it on himself and then twists and squints to see how it looks.] The badges are jimdandy! Wish one of them

was for me! What you doing with them now, Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM: I was just going to run over my lists, Sammy, now the war is won and over. I did not have time to keep them up while the fighting was going on. I must call off everybody's name and then whoever can show he has been of distinguished service to his Uncle Sam through the war shall have a badge bestowed upon him and he will be one of Uncle Sam's Best.

SAMMY [*putting the rosette he had pinned on himself back with the others*]: Oh, hurry up and begin. Uncle Sam! I want to see who get the badges. Can't I pin 'em on?

UNCLE SAM: All right. I am ready. Yes, yes, you can pin them on, Sammy—on the deserving. [*He consults his paper. SAMMY sits on his heels close by.*] Johnny Doughboy!

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY [*marching in and saluting*]: Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM [*looking him up and down*]: H'm! You are a soldier, I take it, Johnny Doughboy.

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY: I am, Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Johnny Doughboy, what did you do as a soldier to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY:

I took my gun
Across the sea
And used it for
Humanity.

Like this! [*He shoots off his gun.*]

UNCLE SAM: Good, Johnny Doughboy! You are one of Uncle Sam's Best! Pin a badge on his coat,

Sammy! [SAMMY pins a rosette on his coat and he steps aside. UNCLE SAM consults his paper. He does this before calling each name.] Rhea Pattison!

RHEA PATTISON [entering and halting before UNCLE SAM in alert nurse manner]: Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM [looking her up and down]: H'm! You are a Red Cross nurse, I take it, Rhea Pattison.

RHEA PATTISON: I am, Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Rhea Pattison, what did you do as a Red Cross nurse to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

RHEA PATTISON:

Behind the front line's
Flare and noise,
I bandaged up
Our wounded boys.

Like this! [She kneels, pulls a bandage from her pocket, and deftly bandages one of SAMMY's toes.]

UNCLE SAM: Good, Rhea Pattison! You are one of Uncle Sam's Best! Pin a badge on her apron, Sammy! [SAMMY pins a rosette on the bib of her apron and she takes her place beside JOHNNY DOUGH-BOY.] Jack Tar!

JACK TAR [entering with the sailor's rolling walk and saluting sailor fashion]: Ahoy, Uncle Sam!

UNCLE SAM [looking him up and down]: H'm! You are a sailor, I take it, Jack Tar.

JACK TAR: That I am, Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Jack Tar, what did you do as a sailor to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

JACK TAR:

I figured in
Some battle scenes
As one of Uncle Sam's
Marines.

Like this! [*He uses his gun, sailor fashion.*]

UNCLE SAM: Good, Jack Tar! You are one of Uncle Sam's Best! Pin a badge on his blouse, Sammy! [*SAMMY pins a rosette on his blouse and he takes his place beside RHEA PATTISON.*] Rose Lane!

ROSE LANE [*airily dancing in and curtsying prettily*]: Call me, Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM [*looking her up and down*]: I did. H'm! You are a society belle, I take it, Rose Lane.

ROSE LANE: Righto!

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Rose Lane, what did you do as a society belle to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

ROSE LANE [*pirouetting and flirting her fan*]:

Presiding over
Soup tureens,
I aired my French
In Y canteens.

Like this! [*She stops whirling and, cupping one hand, she pretends with a pretty curtsy and a Mais oui to hand UNCLE SAM a cup of soup. He cups one hand and pretends to take the soup, which he blows, tastes and finally drinks to the last drop with a smack of his lips.*]

UNCLE SAM: Good, Rose Lane! You are one of Uncle Sam's Best! Pin a badge on her frills, Sammy! [*SAMMY pins a rosette on her frills and she takes her place beside JACK TAR.*] Silas Hotchkiss!

SILAS HOTCHKISS [*entering and pulling at his hat*]: Howdy, Uncle Sam! You called me?

UNCLE SAM [*looking him up and down*]: I did. H'm! You are a farmer, I take it, Silas Hotchkiss.

SILAS HOTCHKISS: Correct, Uncle Sam!

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Si, what did you do as a farmer to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

SILAS HOTCHKISS:

I raised more grain
For overseas
To feed the boys
And refugees.

Like this! [*He cracks his gad and goes through motions of plowing for a few paces and then pulls up his team with a Whoa—back!*]

UNCLE SAM: Good, Si! You are one of Uncle Sam's Best! Pin a badge on his overalls, Sammy! [*SAMMY pins a rosette on the bib of his overalls and he takes his place beside ROSE LANE.*] Mrs. Babcock!

MRS. BABCOCK [*entering and curtsying*]: What's wanted, Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM [*looking her up and down*]: H'm! You are a mother, I take it, Mrs. Babcock.

MRS. BABCOCK: The dear man's right! There's Mary and Susanna that's married. And Don and Jamie that's not got home yet. And Tillie and Margy that's not back yet either. And Michael that's at college. And Bob and Bab, the twins.

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Mrs. Babcock, what did you do as a mother to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

MRS. BABCOCK [*shaking her head deprecatingly*]: Not much, Uncle Sam. Besides seeing Don and Jamie and Tillie and Margy off,

I only kept
The home fires burning
Against my boys'
And girls' returning.

Have a cooky, Sammy! Have one, Uncle Sam! They're hot from the oven. [*She gives them her two cookies. They bite into them hungrily.*]

UNCLE SAM: Good, Mrs. Babcock! You are one of Uncle Sams very Best! Pin two badges on her bodice, Sammy! [*SAMMY pins two rosettes on the waist of her dress and she takes her place beside SILAS HOTCHKISS.*] Larry! Patsy!

LARRY AND PATSY [*running in, hand in hand*]: Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM [*looking them up and down*]: H'm! You are schoolchildren, I take it, Larry and Patsy.

LARRY AND PATSY: Yes, sir, Uncle Sam. We have just come from school this very minute.

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Larry and Patsy, what did you do as schoolchildren to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

LARRY AND PATSY:

From Candyland
We turned our head
And bought War
Savings Stamps instead.

See! [*They pull cards filled with the stamps out of their books and proudly show them.*]

UNCLE SAM: Good, Larry and Patsy! You are two of Uncle Sam's Best! Pin a badge on Larry's jacket and another on Patsy's pinafore, Sammy! [*SAMMY pins rosettes on LARRY's jacket and PATSY's pinafore and they take their places beside MRS. BABCOCK.*] Tobe Tinker!

TOBE TINKER [*entering with a great rattle of his tinware and pulling off his cap with a flourish*]: G'mornin', Uncle Sam!

UNCLE SAM [*looking him up and down*]: H'm! You are a workingman, I take it, Tobe Tinker.

TOBE TINKER [*with a grand gesture*]: A workingman! Well, yes, maybe, Uncle Sam. A peddler o' pots an' pans for the housewives, bless 'em, sir.

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Tobe Tinker, what did you do as a workingman to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

TOBE TINKER:

The wife an' me
Indeed was glad
To buy a bond
With all we had.

See! [*He pulls a bond out of an inside pocket and waves it proudly.*]

UNCLE SAM: Good, Tobe Tinker! You are one of Uncle Sam's Best! Pin a badge on his waistcoat, Sammy! [*SAMMY pins a rosette on his waistcoat and he takes his place beside PATSY.*] Aunt Letty!

AUNT LETTY [*entering, curtsying and dropping her ball of yarn in a fluster*]: Whatty?

UNCLE SAM [*looking her up and down*]: H'm! You are a home body, I take it, Aunt Letty.

[*SAMMY goes after the ball of yarn and returns it to her.*]

AUNT LETTY: Thank ye, Sammy. You're a good boy. A home body? That's just what I be, Samuel. Here's a peppermint, Sammy.

[*SAMMY pops the peppermint into his mouth.*]

UNCLE SAM: Well, then, Aunt Letty, what did you do as a home body to serve your Uncle Sam through the war?

AUNT LETTY [*knitting very fast, curtsying and dropping her yarn again*]:

Socks and sweaters,
Sam, I knit,
And filled full many
A comfort kit.

Dear, dear, you've made me go and drop a stitch, Samuel, with your talking! [SAMMY *recovers her yarn for her again.*] Thank ye, Sammy. You're a splendid boy.

UNCLE SAM: Good, Aunt Letty! You are one of Uncle Sam's Best! Pin a badge on her shawl, Sammy! [SAMMY *pins a rosette on her shawl.*]

AUNT LETTY: Ain't that pretty now? Thank ye, Samuel. Here's another peppermint, Sammy. One, two, three, four, narrow,—

[*She takes her place beside TOBE TINKER. SAMMY pops the second peppermint into his mouth. UNCLE SAM rolls up his list of names.*]

UNCLE SAM: There, Sammy, that is done! And

Everyone questioned
Has passed the test,
All belong now to
Uncle Sam's best!

SAMMY [*holding up the remaining rosette*]: There's one badge left, Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM [*taking it*]: So there is. . . . H'm! You are only a little boy, aren't you, Sammy?

SAMMY [*sighing*]: That's all, Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM: But little boys can do things that will help them to grow up to be big men to serve their Uncle Sam some day. What did you do through the war, Sammy, to help you to grow up to be a big man to serve your Uncle Sammy some day?

SAMMY:

My drum I beat,
My horn I tooted,
Till all the gang
I had recruited.

And then I drilled
My company
To guard our homes,
While oversea

Our brothers fought.
And I was stand-
ard bearer, captain,
And the band.

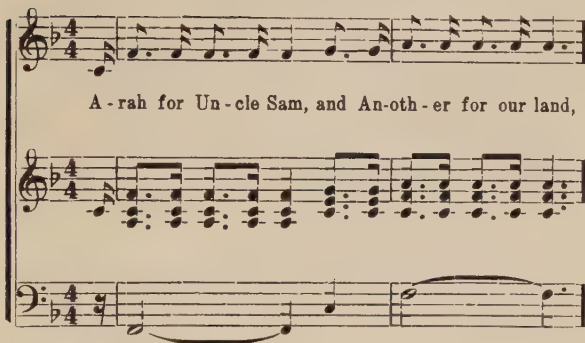
[He jumps up, beats his drum, waves his flag and cries Left, right!]

UNCLE SAM *[jumping up]*: Good, Sammy! You are one of Uncle Sam's very Best! Come here and I will pin this badge on your roundabout with my own hands!

[SAMMY stands still and he pins the last rosette on his jacket. Then SAMMY takes his place beside JOHNNY DOUGHBOY at the head of the line. He beats his drum and Uncle Sam's Best march after him by two's, soldier and nurse, sailor and belle, etc. As they march about UNCLE SAM they sing the following]:

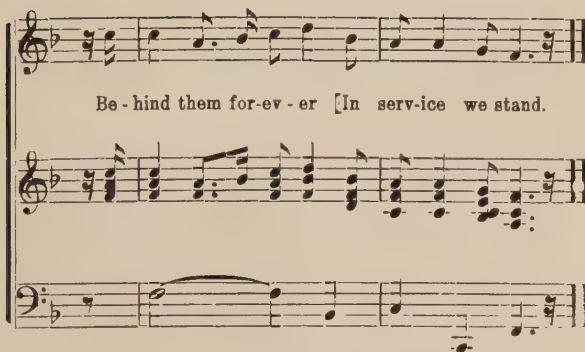
Uncle Sam's Best.

Music by Jean Elizabeth Van Dyke.



A - rah for Un - cle Sam, and An - oth - er for our land,

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves with chords. The bottom staff is a bass line. The lyrics 'A - rah for Un - cle Sam, and An - oth - er for our land,' are written below the first staff.



Be - hind them for - ev - er [In serv - ice we stand.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves. The lyrics 'Be - hind them for - ev - er [In serv - ice we stand.' are written below the first staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

CURTAIN

WHEN THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED

(A play in three scenes for almost any number of children.)

By SOMEPLÉ.

CHARACTERS

BUD, a little boy, Captain of Bud's Reserves.

SANDY, a little boy, Sergeant in Bud's Reserves.

JOHN HENRY GEORGE LEWIS, a little black boy, a private in Bud's Reserves.

BUD'S RESERVES, a group of little boys.

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON, a tall boy, a hometown soldier just back from overseas.

OTHER SOLDIERS, just back from overseas, a group of tall boys.

NAN, a little girl, head of Nan's Volunteers.

AMY MAY, the Volunteer the others practice on.

NAN'S VOLUNTEERS, a group of little girls, banded under Nan's leadership to become Red Cross nurses.

NURSE ANNAMARIE, a tall girl, a Red Cross nurse.

OTHER RED CROSS NURSES, a group of tall girls.

COSTUMES

BUD AND HIS RESERVES.—They wear little overseas caps of brown paper. BUD and SANDY also flaunt the decorations of their rank. The RESERVES' arms may be boys' guns or broomsticks. One of the RESERVES is the Drummer. He has a drum instead of a gun. Another is the Flag Bearer. He has a tiny Stars and Stripes instead of a gun. JOHN HENRY GEORGE LEWIS has blacked hands, face and feet. His hair is ruffled and bright-hued, tattered garments cover him.

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON AND THE OTHER RETURNED SOLDIERS.—They have on scout suits and overseas caps and have guns and kits. CAPTAIN WELLINGTON has the insignia of his rank. One of the SOLDIERS has a large and beautiful Stars and Stripes.

NAN AND HER VOLUNTEERS.—White nurses' aprons and caps, decorated with red crosses.

NURSE ANNAMARIE AND THE OTHER RED CROSS NURSES.—They are in regulation Red Cross uniforms and caps. Nurse Annamarie's shows superior rank.

SETTING

SCENE I.—Bud's back yard.

SCENE II.—Nan's playroom.

SCENE III.—A road outside of town.

THE PLAY

SCENE I

[BUD, *on an overturned keg, is polishing his gun, his cap pushed back.*]

BUD: There! Won't that make the enemy blink though? [*He holds his gun at arm's length and gazes at it admiringly. Then he lays it across his knees.*] Why don't the boys come? Sandy's been gone hours! [*Ostentatiously he consults the watch at his wrist, a cardboard dial on a shoe string.*] I sent him to round up the bunch at 'leven minutes to nine an' here it's fifteen minutes to ten already! [SANDY *runs in, his gun under his arm, his cap awry.*] Huh! You're back at last! Did you find 'em all, Sandy?

SANDY: I did, Bud! An' they're all comin'. John Henry George Lewis mayn't be here soon as the rest, though, for he's got three washin's to tote home first he said.

BUD [*pulling his cap forward and dusting off his clothes*]: That's good. I tell you, Sandy, I've got something 'portant to c'mmunicate to the Reserves. You bein' an officer I s'pose I might tell you while we wait for 'em.

SANDY: O' course, Bud, you'd ought to tell me first! Officers always c'nfer together, you know.

BUD: Well, last night I heard the men talkin' to the store when I was there buyin' corn syrup for mother.

SANDY: You did! About us, Bud?

BUD: Not 'xactly. About the A. E. F., Sandy. They said—

A RESERVE [*outside*]: Hi, there, Bud! I'm comin'!

[*He runs in at the right. Then another RESERVE runs in at the left. Then others, together and singly, at the left and the right, whooping and calling, till all BUD'S RESERVES but JOHN HENRY GEORGE LEWIS have collected. They stand about the yard and perch on boxes, the fence and the doorsteps, rubbing their guns and straightening their caps.*]

A RESERVE: What's up, Bud? Why the special? This afternoon's the reg'lar time, ain't it?

ANOTHER RESERVE: Yep, Bud, what's up?

ANOTHER: You ain't had orders from Washington to mobilize us, have you, Bud?

BUD: No, I ain't, Sam. But it's 'most the same thing. The men to the store was talkin' last night an' they— But wait! I guess I'd ought to tell you as your Captain an' not just me. [*He stands up, very erect and soldierly.*] Fall in line! Attention! [THE RESERVES *jump up and quickly form in line, stiffly erect, salute and stand at attention.* BUD'S

voice takes on curt, officerlike tones.] The latest word from the front is extremely discouraging. More men are needed immediately. We are going across at once to help the A. E. F. and the Allies win the war.

A RESERVE: Hip, hip, hurrah! [*He tosses up his gun.*]

ANOTHER RESERVE: But darest we go without orders from Washington?

SANDY: Don't worry! We'll get our orders by the time we 'rive in France.

THE RESERVE NEXT TO SANDY: But ma—

SANDY [*nudging him violently*]: Shut up! What if yer ma does say you can't go? Ain't Bud yer capt'n?

BUD [*loftily disregarding the interruptions*]: We will now have one last drill before we set out for France and go through all our maneuvers once. Present arms!

[*There follows a drill by the RESERVES, salute, stack arms, shoulder arms, fire, forward march, about face, etc., also, marching in two's and in formation, to the sharp commands of BUD. For the most part the RESERVES go through their movements with the nice precision of well-trained soldiers, but once or twice some boy gets his musket in the wrong hand or wheels in the wrong direction and is nudged by a companion. The Drummer beats march time and the Flag Bearer waves his flag aloft.*]

NOTE: "A Gun Drill," by Alice Fuller, gives drill formations and manual of arms. Price, 25 cents. Order from the publishers of this book.

BUD: Great! That's the best we've drilled yet, boys! Ain't it, Sandy?

[*He comes down to his ordinary manner of speech with these words.*]

SANDY [*throwing up his gun*]: You bet you, Bud! [*Remembering himself, he catches his gun quickly and salutes.*] Oh,—I—oh,—yes, sir, Capt'n.

BUD [*resuming his dignity*]: Shoulder arms! Forward march!

THE RESERVE NEXT TO SANDY: Where to?

SANDY [*nudging him*]: Shut up! To France o' course! Where else?

[*The boys march in formation about the stage, BUD in the lead, and then out at the left, singing as they march to the tune "Yankee Doodle."*]

BUD AND HIS RESERVES:

1

We're on our A-E-Fward way,
The world is apprehensive;
We'll end this war in seven days
With our abrupt offensive.

CHORUS

Wave the Red and White and Blue,
Left and right and left and right;
It's the flag for me and you,
Left and right and left and—

2

Allies and A. E. F., take cheer,
No longer be downhearted;
We'll end this war at once when we
Get there, and, oh, we've started!

CHORUS

[*Just as the last RESERVE goes out at the left, JOHN HENRY GEORGE LEWIS runs in at the right, his cap crooked, his tatters flying.*]

JOHN HENRY GEORGE LEWIS: Hi, there, boys! Hi, there, Bud! Hi, Sandy! Wait for me! I'm comin'! I want to go to France, too! [*He runs across to the left. Halfway he stops.*] Shucks! I've gone and forgot my gun! Hi, Bud! I've forgot my gun! Can I go without? I can use yours! Yuh don't shoot it anyways 'cause you're captain!

BUD [*outside*]: All right! Never mind it! Come on! Hurry up! Double-quick it, John Henry George Lewis!

[JOHN HENRY GEORGE LEWIS "*double-quick*s it" out at the left after the RESERVES.]

SCENE II

[NAN and her VOLUNTEERS are holding a class in Red Cross first aid. Dolls and playthings are unceremoniously pushed aside out of the way. AMY MAY is on a couch in the middle of the room, being bandaged, head, arms, ankles, by the other girls under NAN's supervision.]

NAN [*illustrating*]: This is how you make a—what do you call it?—to stop the bleeding when—

AMY MAY: Ouch!

NAN: There! Oh, girls, when I took the comfort squares we'd knitted to Miss Thomilson last night, I heard the war workers talking, and—

A VOLUNTEER: What about? The war?

NAN: Yes, and the Red Cross.

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER: What did they say, Nan?

NAN: Things are very discouraging now Over There, somebody said.

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER: Perhaps they need more nurses.

ANOTHER: Maybe that's it.

ANOTHER: I wish we could go across!

ANOTHER: So do I!

ANOTHER: I wish our orders would come from headquarters!

AMY MAY: If you're through with me, you might unwind some of these bandages.

NAN [*sighing*]: I suppose we must wait our turn. We have our application in, anyway.

A VOLUNTEER: Listen! What's that?

[*She runs to the door or a window and looks out, followed by two or three other girls.*]

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER: What is it, Betty?

THE VOLUNTEER TO RUN FIRST: Bud's Reserves! They're—

NAN [*running to a window*]: Listen!

[*All the VOLUNTEERS crowd about the door and windows, but AMY MAY. She struggles to get up and free of her many and hindering bandages.*]

AMY MAY: Oh, Nan! Ruth! Somebody! Cut some of these rags off me so I can see, too!

[*She finally hops and limps over to the nearest window, where she leans on a chair for support. Outside, BUD'S RESERVES repeat their song of Scene I, softly at first as if approaching down the street, louder then as if passing the house, softly again as if receding in the distance up the street. The drum and tramp of feet are heard in like manner. As the singers pass, the girls clap their hands and wave squares of gauze and bandages. When the singing has ceased, they return to work, rolling bandages and cutting surgical dressings. AMY MAY tugs at her bandages.*]

A VOLUNTEER: I wish I was a boy!

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER: So do I!

ANOTHER: I wouldn't mind being a girl if only I could follow the boys to France and be a really, truly nurse.

NAN [*jumping up*]: Let's!

A VOLUNTEER: Let's what?

NAN: Follow the boys to France and be really, truly nurses.

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER [*jumping up*]: Oh, let's!

ANOTHER: But what about headquarters?

ANOTHER: Oh, our orders to go will probably arrive by the time we get to France.

ANOTHER: But our mothers!

ANOTHER: Our mothers must give us to our country same as Bud's and Sandy's and John Henry George Lewis's and all the rest of them. When 'll we start, Nan?

NAN: Now! [*Quickly, but neatly, they put away their work, straighten their caps, and smooth their aprons. Then NAN, in good imitation of BUD's important manner takes the lead, snatching up a small Red Cross banner and waving it.*] Left, right! Form in line! Forward march!

[*Her VOLUNTEERS fall into some formation and follow her about the stage in brisk march and then out at the left, singing to the tune "Yankee Doodle."* All but AMY MAY, who is still trying to get out of her encumbering bandages.]

NAN AND HER VOLUNTEERS:

1

We're on our useful way to France
To join the Red Cross nurses,
To tend our soldiers when they're hurt
And suffer from reverses.

CHORUS

Wave the white flag crossed with red,
Left and right and left and right;
It's the flag 'neath which to tread,
Left and right and left and—

2

The boys will know when we arrive
Across the sea in Flanders;
'Twon't be a jiff before they find
Out who are their commanders!

CHORUS

AMY MAY [*as the last VOLUNTEER goes out*]: Wait!
Oh, Nan! I can't get out of these rags! Somebody
help me! Wait! I want to go to France, too!

NAN [*outside*]: Never mind the bandages, Amy
May! Come on with them on! Hurry up, Amy
May!

[AMY MAY *hops and limps out at the left, pulling at her bandages, lengths of gauze trailing after her and tripping her up.*]

SCENE III

[*Several weeks later. Along the sides of the road BUD and his RESERVES and NAN and her VOLUNTEERS recline listlessly. Footballs, hoops and roller skates are scattered about. CAPTAIN WELLINGTON and the OTHER RETURNED SOLDIERS enter at the left, marching briskly. When they come up with BUD, they halt and look around at the children.*]

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: Hello! Isn't that Bud Hendricks over there?

A SOLDIER: Sure enough! And there's John Henry George Lewis! This is home!

[BUD rolls over at his name, sees the soldiers, and sits up.]

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: I say, Bud, is this how you welcome a fellow just home from France?

BUD [*unwillingly rising and saluting*]: So you're back, Tom Wellington—I mean Capt'n!

[*The other boys get up slowly and salute without interest. NURSE ANNAMARIE and the OTHER RED CROSS NURSES enter at the left and come up behind the SOLDIERS.*]

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: What's the matter, Bud? Where are those Reserves I've been hearing so much of? Why aren't they meeting the returned heroes with flags and drums and everything?

NURSE ANNAMARIE: And there's Nan Andrews! Where's your basket of roses, Nan, to strew before the conquerors?

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: And your adored nurses.

NAN [*getting up*]: Roses aren't in blossom now.

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: Oh, chrysanthemums would suit us just as well.

JOHN HENRY GEORGE LEWIS [*reproachfully*]: We was goin' to be the conquerin' heroes ourselves!

AMY MAY: And the adored nurses!

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON AND NURSE ANNAMARIE: What!

SANDY [*resentfully*]: What for did you have to go and sign any old armistice before we got there? We was comin'! You might o' waited for us, Tom Welling—er, Capt'n!

NAN: You might have!

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: I don't just understand.

NURSE ANNAMARIE: Tell us about it, Bud.

BUD: Well, we heard things were not goin' very well with you and the Allies and so we set out for France to help you win the war. Then what should happen but the very next day the old armistice was signed!

NAN: We don't care much any more whether you come back or not. You didn't wait for us.

A RESERVE [*kicking a football aside*]: 'Tain't no use livin' any more. What's ball after bein' Reserves? We're out of our job!

A VOLUNTEER: There's nothing in hoops and roller skates after training to be nurses either.

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: I see. [*There is silence for a few moments.*] But you are wrong, boys and girls. You are not out of your jobs. All your training and drilling are going to be of much use to you if you will look at this matter a-right.

NURSE ANNAMARIE: Why, you have a bigger job now than before the armistice was signed.

SANDY: What d'you mean?

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: We soldiers of the A. E. F. have fought for our country, haven't we?

A RESERVE: You bet you—I mean, er, yes, sir, Capt'n!

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: Well, our day ended when the armistice was signed, yours began. There probably will be no more fighting for the most of us. It may be up to you boys to fight America's next war.

NURSE ANNAMARIE: And you girls to care for her next soldiers.

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: Soon the United States will be no longer in our care. They will be in yours.

NURSE ANNAMARIE: When the armistice was signed it was the same as putting our country into your hands.

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: Let us here and now make formal transfer in the name of all the soldiers of the U. S. A.

[NURSE ANNAMARIE *takes her place beside* CAPTAIN WELLINGTON, *the OTHER NURSES grouping themselves behind her. NAN comes up beside* BUD, *the other girls behind her. The OTHER SOLDIERS stand behind* CAPTAIN WELLINGTON, *the other boys back of* BUD. CAPTAIN WELLINGTON *takes the flag from the SOLDIER and presents it to* BUD. *The ceremony is carried out with impressive simplicity.*]

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON: Our flag stands for our country. Old Glory, for which we have been brave, to which we have been loyal, under which we have suffered and died; Old Glory, which we love, which we set before home ties, in the service of which our day is closing and yours is commencing, we, the soldiers of our county and yours, we give into your younger hands. Our fathers guarded Old Glory well when it was in their care; Old Glory has not trailed the dust in our hands; keep it as well.

BUD [*accepting the flag*]: Our flag stands for our country. We accept Old Glory into our care. As our fathers kept it, as our brothers have kept it, we shall keep Old Glory ever. To the boys that are to come after us we shall surrender it as unsoiled as it now is.

[CAPTAIN WELLINGTON, *the SOLDIERS, NURSE ANNAMARIE and the NURSES step back out of the way. BUD remains in the middle of the stage, holding the flag. His RESERVES, NAN, and her VOLUNTEERS, hand in hand, first a boy and then a girl, etc., circle about* BUD, *singing.*]

BUD'S RESERVES, NAN, AND HER VOLUNTEERS:

*When the Armistice Was Signed.**Music by Jean Elizabeth Van Dyke.**mp Andante.*

1. In sacred trust our forebears kept Their country for their
 2. We must grow up to fight her wars, Men brave and clean and

sons, Our broth-ers, too, when west-ward swept The
 just, And let no wrong de-spoil these shores We

When the Armistice Was Signed.—Concluded.

men - ace of the Huns; Their serv - ice end - ed
on - ly hold in trust; Their name as now must

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of lyrics. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic support. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

with the blare Of that e - lev - enth day, The
be as fair When ends for us our day, The

This musical system consists of three staves, continuing the melody and harmony from the first system. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

U. S. A. is in our care, Our dear old U. S. A.

This musical system consists of three staves, concluding the piece. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

CURTAIN

FOR LIBERTY'S SAKE

By STANLEY M. ROWLAND.

CHARACTERS

CHARLES GRAY, a man of middle age.

MRS. GRAY, his wife.

JACK GRAY, their son who is of age.

NELLIE GRAY, their daughter.

HOWARD CHASE, Jack's chum.

GENE FISHER, an enlisted soldier.

RUTH SHERROD, a Red Cross nurse.

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY, a young girl.

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY, a young girl.

SPIRIT OF PEACE, a young girl.

ACT I**"EVERYWHERE IN AMERICA"**

[*An ordinary interior. Table at center around which are seated CHARLES GRAY, MRS. GRAY and their son JACK. MR. GRAY reading, MRS. GRAY sewing or knitting, and JACK reading a newspaper. JACK drops the paper and opens the conversation.*]

JACK: Well, father, I see where Uncle Sam is urging men to enlist for service in France, and it also says that after a certain date no man subject to draft can enlist. It is more than likely that I shall have to go as a drafted man, and I would rather enlist.

MR. GRAY [*dropping paper*]: Well, Jack, I am glad to know you have the spirit of a fighter when fighting is necessary, but still, I would not rush hastily into the conflict. There is time enough yet

and who knows but that our lingering hopes of peace will be realized before your call will come.

JACK: But some of our boys must go, father, as quickly as they can, to fill the vacant places in the lines of our Allies, for France has already bled until she is white and England is looking westward across the sea for the help that must soon come.

MRS. GRAY: Jack, why is it that you are continually bringing up this war question? I hate war and the people who engage in it, and only broken homes and blasted hopes and bitter tears follow in its wake. No good can come out of such an evil. Why should you risk your life because the evil designs of a ruler of Europe have plunged almost the whole world in war? Be still and get this fighting notion out of your head.

JACK: I hate war also, mother, as every sane person should, and God hasten the day when wars shall be no more. But yet, we have not reached the haven of a lasting peace and from time to time there are great principles at stake that still call for a human sacrifice to the God of war.

MRS. GRAY: Well, I have no patience with civilized nations that ought to know better, jumping at each other's throats like wild animals, just because some iron-heeled monarch wills it so. People ought to have more sense.

JACK: It is not the fact that we haven't sense enough, mother, but that we allow sin and greed to so stifle our better selves that we do not do those things which a better judgment would dictate.

MRS. GRAY: Suppose you and Howard Chase were to quarrel on the street and began striking each other. Why, the police would arrest you in five minutes and you would be called to account for the

offense. But these nations go on killing and destroying with no power, apparently, that can stop them.

JACK: But nations as well as men will somewhere and sometime be called to account for the deeds done in the body, and the nation that is not founded on liberty and honor must perish from the earth. But, you mention Howard's name, mother, and I had intended to tell you that he will enlist in the field artillery on next Thursday if they will accept him.

MR. GRAY: What's that? Howard going to enlist? Are you sure, Jack?

JACK: Yes, quite sure. He told sister Nell last night and to-day he asked me to go with him.

MR. GRAY: Well, I am not greatly surprised. Howard's father fought with me at San Juan Hill and came back with one coat sleeve empty, but not regretting the sacrifice. Howard is of the self-same stuff.

JACK: Yes, mother, you remember that when President McKinley called for volunteers father was one of the first to go, and I am sure you are not sorry now that he helped a little, at least, in bringing the freedom of the Stars and Stripes to the down-trodden people of Cuba. Why should I not just as quickly answer the call of the oppressed to-day and be just as willing to battle for liberty's sake?

MRS. GRAY: The two calls are not alike. Cuba was a part of our own western world, and naturally looked to us for protection. But this war does not concern us—it belongs to Europe.

MR. GRAY: I am afraid a mother's love for her boy somewhat obscures her vision of things that may demand his sacrifice. But we must remember that to-day humanity is a great common brotherhood and

that we are our brother's keeper whether that brother be in America or in Europe, or in the faraway isles of the sea.

MRS. GRAY: Oh, of course, it's no use to talk to you men about war. Woman's part is to quietly submit and bear the awful burdens of a silent grief. I am older now and had hoped that I might never see another war, but that hope now lies in shattered ruins. Suppose this war is fought to a successful finish as you say and that you play a part in the awful game, Jack, could all the success that might come to all the great Allied Powers of the world compensate me for the loss of a son if you should fall while fighting? No, Jack, stay here and bide your time.

JACK: But, mother, if Howard goes, ought I be any less a man than he is?

MRS. GRAY: No, Jack, not less a man, but perhaps a trifle less of a fighter. It is not necessary, my son, to be on the field of battle to prove your manhood. As to Howard's enlisting, I don't believe he will go.

JACK [*rising and walking over to window*]: I should be only too glad to prove my manhood in other ways than in war, but when the battle is raging then my proving ground is out there where the call is the loudest. [*Looks out window.*] Howard is coming now. He can speak for himself.

[*Enter HOWARD and NELL. General greeting.*]

MR. GRAY: Well, Howard, Jack tells us that you are thinking some of enlisting in the artillery. Of course, we hate to think of your going, but then your father was a fighter before you.

HOWARD: Yes, Mr. Gray, I should count myself a coward to hesitate to enlist in a cause even more righteous than that in which my father enlisted. I

shall take the examination Thursday and shall report at once for duty.

NELLIE: Oh, I think that's great, mother, don't you? Of course, we hate to see him go, but just think how manly it is to be a soldier and fight for the flag we love.

MRS. GRAY: Yes, that is just a thoughtless girl's notion of war. Caught by the flash of uniforms and muskets you forget the real side of it. Suppose he should not come back?

NELLIE: Oh, mother, you mustn't think of that; but still we know that somebody's boys will not come back. But we shall ever cherish their memory as a sacred heritage won for us by the heroes of war.

MRS. GRAY: Those words sound nice, of course, and maybe all of us would like to be heroes, but we don't particularly like that way of winning the title. I would rather be a living hero of peace than a dead hero of war.

HOWARD: But, Mrs. Gray, our country is now in war and for the time, at least, we must play the game of war whether we like it or not. When this dreadful struggle is over, perhaps we can all then be true heroes of peace.

NELLIE: We must remember, mother, that heroes of peace are possible because of heroes of war. Those of us who have enjoyed the long periods of peace in our own country must never forget that that peace was secured at a terrible sacrifice. We are insolvent debtors to those who fought and died and to those who fought and lived at Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Antietam and Gettysburg. Now it is our turn to fight in order that peace may become universal and more lasting. Oh, I wish I were a man!

MRS. GRAY: Well, at times like these I almost wish I was a man, too, for I sometimes think it would

be easier to be out on the battle line than to be at home watching and waiting.

MR. GRAY: Jack has also told us that you have talked the matter over together, and he now awaits his mother's consent to enlist with you. Much as I love him, I love this old flag [*pointing to American flag*] the more. Every stripe and every star in its silken folds speak with the patriot voices of the past, and for such a flag no sacrifice can be too great. Fight for it to the last ditch, for it has always floated over fields of battle where liberty and democracy were at stake. May God bless you, boys, and keep you under the shadow of his wing.

JACK: Well, mother, I wish you might feel as father does about my going, but I am sure you will no longer forbid me, even though you may not willingly consent.

MRS. GRAY: I do not wish to be counted as one who does not love the country of their birth, but to offer my boy as a sacrifice upon the unholy altar of war, I never can consent to that. If you go, a mother's love and a mother's blessing will follow you to the ends of the earth. Further than that, God must be my judge.

[*MRS. GRAY breaks down and weeps.*]

MR. GRAY: A mother's love is too strong for her to say go, but her heart is beating with ours. [*Puts his hand on JACK's and HOWARD's shoulders.*] Go, and we bid you God-speed as we pledge our allegiance to the flag we love.

[*MRS. GRAY remains weeping. Others stand at salute and repeat the pledge.*]

ALL: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice to all."

ACT II

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

[HOWARD CHASE and GENE FISHER on sentry duty in a dugout. Low lights. Low conversation.]

HOWARD: Well, Gene, I have no trouble in keeping awake to-night. This was a terrible day for the 36th. Almost half our number are lying out there to-night, far away from home and friends and on a foreign shore. Our boys followed the flag into the thickest of the fight and many of them never came out of it. My God! but war is a fearful thing, and to think that civilized men will engage in it!

GENE: Yes, Howard, we must at least hope that some day it will be over forever and that this terrible struggle in which we are now engaged is helping to hasten that glorious day. We are here to slay and to kill, and yet I have a horror to-night lest my hand should bear the stain of blood of even one who has fallen on the other side to-day.

HOWARD: Memories come crowding in upon my frenzied brain to-night, until I am almost beside myself. I am thinking of a home across the sea where a father and mother and sister are anxiously waiting for one who will never return. And that is only one of millions of homes where the long hours of painful silence will be rudely broken by a glance at the list of the dead. I would not for all the world be one who is in any way responsible for such heart breaks, but if they needs must come then I will fight on to hasten the time when they shall be no more. I think even now I can hear the voices of the dead from over the field of battle out yonder. They seem to call to us and urge us onward, ever onward.

GENE: I can not conceive of the dead having voices, but there is some mysterious something that seems to tell us that we must not give up the cause

for which they have given the last full measure of devotion. It must be still onward for liberty's sake.

HOWARD: Six brave fellows manned the gun with me this morning. To-night only two answered roll call. The others are out there under the stars and Jack Gray among them. A better or braver lad never fought than Jack. He went down in the thick of the fight and only after he was wounded for the third time. Just as we shifted our position to the ridge beyond the woods he raised himself feebly and motioned to me as if he had some message to tell. It broke my heart to turn away, but I was still playing the game of war and couldn't turn back.

GENE: He will doubtless be cared for to-night by the ambulance corps, although they are almost worked to death. Some of these nurses are going day and night with scarce an hour of sleep and are bringing relief to friend and foe alike.

HOWARD: Yes, strange as it may seem, when war has tried its best to tear and mangle, these angels of mercy come along and try to make men out of what's left. Their work is a work of mercy and love.

GENE: It seems so strange, Howard, that in spite of all the evil and wrong in the world, there is still so much of good and righteousness. God has intended that some day the good will conquer and that everyone shall live to help his fellow man. Hark! I hear a sound. Someone is approaching. [*Both rise.*]

HOWARD: They are coming from the direction of the hospital, but it seems strange at this late hour.

GENE: Halt! Who comes there?

A VOICE OUTSIDE: "A friend—Ruth Sherrod of the Red Cross."

GENE: Advance, friend.

[RUTH SHERROD *enters.*]

HOWARD: You are out from camp late to-night, but doubtless you have found many calls after the deadly work of to-day.

RUTH: Yes, our field hospital is full to overflowing, but we are doing the best we can until more help comes. I am on my way now to a tent where many are lying sorely wounded. We have no time for needed rest, for one can not rest when such work is to be done.

HOWARD: Perhaps you may have administered to some of the members of the 36th, for many of them did not come back to-night.

RUTH: I remember one fellow especially. Jack Gray was his name.

HOWARD: Did he have any message?

RUTH: He begged for a comrade by the name of Chase—Howard Chase. Do you know him?

HOWARD: I am Howard Chase.

RUTH: Then I have a message for you. He was brought in to us too far gone for much relief, and, although alert and active mentally, he seemed to know that life was brief for him. He gave me the name and address of his mother and had me promise to write and break the news to her, telling her that he fought to the last ditch for the old flag. He also mentioned the name of his father and a sister Nell. Then there seemed to be something on his mind that he did not want to tell me and he asked for Howard Chase. I told him that I did not know such a person, and besides, it would be impossible to find him while the battle was still on. So he begged me to sometime find Howard Chase and tell him if God spared him to bear this message to his mother back across the sea: "Tell her," said he, "that I played the game and lost, but that I do not regret the step I took. I do not count my life as much, and it is only

one of millions that have been sacrificed to this merciless God of war, but rising out of this sacrifice we can now see the sacred figures of democracy and liberty and peace coming to rule forever over a reunited world. May her vision of these spirits be so clear that she may feel them ministering to her in place of her boy who will not return. I did what I thought was right and God must be my judge." With the mention of her name he was gone. I trust that God will protect you and allow you to bear this message to the broken-hearted mother waiting over there. Good-night.

CURTAIN

ACT III

"FOR LIBERTY'S SAKE"

[*Same interior as Act I. MRS. GRAY seated at the table dozing. She soon falls asleep. Enter SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY, bearing a flag with the words, "Equality and Justice."*]

DEMOCRACY: In the days of old might made right, and he who could oppress his fellow man was looked upon as his natural superior. The great institution of human slavery in all its forms was based upon this belief and for ages thousands of people were shackled and chained to the will and desire of others. Gradually in the hearts of men there developed a sentiment that there were certain rights that should be common to all people, weak and strong alike, and that the weak must be sustained in such rights by the power of the strong. In the accomplishment of this end the earth has run red with human blood and the most costly sacrifices have been heaped upon the altar of equality and justice. But from this altar the spirit of democracy has now risen full-fledged and to-day stands knocking at the very last redoubts of the iron-heeled monarchs of the world. Down-trodden people

of the past are mingling their voices with the liberated hosts of the present to tell us that democracy is the cherished hope of man and is precious because of sacrifice. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* SPIRIT OF LIBERTY *with American flag.*]

LIBERTY: I am come to set the captive free, to loose the shackles of the bondmen and to lift downtrodden men into the glorious light of a freedom that is rightly theirs. I am a child of battle, born and nurtured amid the din and roar of musketry, christened with the blood of millions of heroic men and women and dedicated to undying struggle for universal freedom. I have never drawn the sword in a spirit of conquest or revenge, but in the spirit of defense for the weak where the fight has been one for liberty's sake. Those things we love the most have cost us heavily in sacrifice and to-day people who have known me and have reaped the rich rewards I bring, love me even unto death. The blood of my protectors has enriched many a sacred spot and to-day millions of silent voices cry out to me, "Onward—ever onward." [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* SPIRIT OF PEACE *bearing white flag.*]

PEACE: Ever since the world began, man has been struggling with man for supremacy, and as the years went on he began to dream of a time when wars should be no more and when peace should reign over the nations of the earth. In this terrible struggle upward the vision of this dream has never vanished, but like a will-o'-the-wisp it has hovered over every battlefield, and thence it has led on and ever on into the distant future. In our efforts to overtake it wreck and ruin have marked our pathway. Countless ranks of brave-hearted men have marched away to do their part in sacrifice to lessen the burden of other men's unrighteousness. Mothers and wives and sisters at home have been bowed down under the burden of a

silent grief and have waited and watched for those who never returned. But in all these sacrifices there has been the striving of the human soul to do true and noble deeds of service, and by such deeds the world has been lifted from its selfishness and grief to peace and brotherhood. Such measureless devotion will secure for all time governments of the people, by the people and for the people, and will make the welcome cry of the angel again ring true: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." [*Exit.*]

[MR. GRAY, NELL and HOWARD CHASE enter and MRS. GRAY awakes from her sleep.]

MR. GRAY: Well, mother, we have been to the station and brought back with us about all that remains of the fighting 36th.

MRS. GRAY [*greeting HOWARD heartily*]: Thank God, Howard, that you were left to come back to us, for next to Jack we have watched most anxiously for you.

HOWARD: Yes, Mrs. Gray, I knew you would be thinking of me, but I have often wished that Jack might have been spared and that I might have been left buried in the war-torn soil of France.

MRS. GRAY: No, Howard, that was not to be. It is not for us to question God's ways of trying the human heart; but, hard as it may be at times, we must submit ourselves to his guidance. A letter from a Red Cross nurse brought the awful news to us and for a time we reeled and staggered under the blow, but by God's help we are still struggling on. Was there any message from him, Howard?

HOWARD: Yes, Mrs. Gray, there was. He fell in the thick of the fight and I was forced to move with our battery, leaving him upon the field. But that night, while we were on guard duty at camp, a

Red Cross nurse passed on her errands of mercy and asked for Howard Chase. She was with Jack at the last and after he had asked her to break the news to you, he told her to find Howard Chase and have him bear this word to you: "Tell her that I played the game and lost, but I do not regret it. I am only one of many to give my life to the God of war that out of this sacrifice democracy and liberty and peace may come to rule over a suffering world. I did what I thought was best for liberty's sake." They buried him with some of his comrades not far from where they fell and I still hold a record of that spot.

MRS. GRAY: Perhaps I loved him too much and was selfish when I told him not to go. I couldn't see it any other way then, but somehow, just to-night, I have seen a clearer vision of what it all means. It seemed like a dream to me and there were figures standing before me and I thought I could hear them speaking. These spirits seemed to rise one by one from an altar on which millions had been sacrificed, and the spirits said that from such as these they sprang and came to bring justice and liberty to all mankind and a righteous peace to a waiting world. Deep as my sorrow is, it is easier now to bear, for I am beginning to see some reason for it. Here, with you, I want to pledge my allegiance to the flag and the country that are now more dear to me than ever before because of sacrifice.

[They stand at salute and repeat pledge used at close of Act I.]

CURTAIN

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